THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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Our Contributors:

Mar Ivanios, is Archbishop of Trivandrum, the capital of the state of Travancore, India. He came into union with Rome on September 20, 1930. He kept his former liturgy, the Antiochene Rite, in the Malayalam language. At present His Excellency is visiting the United States.

Rev. Joseph John Spae Ph. D. is a member of the Immaculate Heart Mission Society (I. H. M.—the Scheut Fathers) whose United States headquarters are at 4651 North 25th St., Arlington, Va. Formerly a missionary in China, he was the first European to enter the Imperial University of Kyoto, Japan. He is now on his way back to the country where he was interned for three years and eight months to start a new mission for his Society in the diocese of Osaka, Japan.

Rev. E. De Meulder S. J., worked in the Ranchi district of India. This diocese has been called by the Apostolic Delegate, "the most progressive of Indian Missions." At present, Father De Meulder is in the United States to raise funds for a College in Ranchi.

YOUR WILL

can help the Medical Mission Sisters bring health and healing to the sick in mission lands. The following approved form of bequest may be used:

"I hereby give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries Inc. (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland and its successors forever the sum of $ ..... for its general purposes."

If you have already made your will, it is not necessary to make a new one. It is sufficient that a codicil be added, using the above form.

Our Cover This Month

Sister M. Louise (Pittsburgh, Pa.) encourages little *Esmarelda* from our Catholic Colored Clinic, Atlanta, Georgia to wish all our readers a very "Happy New Year!"

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THE MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

Who they are:

The Medical Mission Sisters are a religious community devoted to the care of the sick in the missions. Some of the Sisters are doctors, nurses or pharmacists; others are engaged in secretarial, household and similar duties necessary for medical mission work.

Main Activities

Hospitals, dispensaries, home visiting, leprosaria, training native nurses, training native compounders, maternity and child welfare clinics, establishing native Medical Mission Sisterhoods.

To cope with the numerous requests from mission bishops for medical mission centers, many vocations are needed.

Houses of the Society

Motherhouse and Novitiate — 8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase, Philadelphia 11, Pa.
House of Studies—6th & Buchanan Sts., Washington 17, D. C.
Postulate; Osterley, Middx. England
Heerlen, Holland

Missions

INDIA
Holy Family Hospital—Rawalpindi
Holy Family Hospital—Patna
Holy Family Hospital—Mandar
Mitford Municipal Hospital — Dacca

INDONESIA
Maternity Clinic, Stella Maris Hospital, Makassar, Celebes

AFRICA
Holy Family Dispensary — Berekum, Gold Coast

UNITED STATES
The Santa Fe Catholic Maternity Institute
Santa Fe, New Mexico
The Catholic Colored Clinic
Atlanta, Georgia

"Provida Mater"

A New Gem in the Crown of the Church

On February 2, the Feast of the Purification of Our Lady, just a year ago, the Church officially recognized a new form of Christian perfection by granting a special canonical status to certain institutes whose members bind themselves to follow the evangelical counsels, but remain in the world. The Apostolic Constitution granting this privilege opens with the words, "Provida Mater." Our provident Mother, the Church always responds to the needs of the times. In our own days there have been associations of persons, zealous for perfection, desiring to observe the evangelical counsels, yet not having the call to enter a religious community. In the "Provida Mater" the Church gives her official sanction to this new state of Christian perfection.

The observance of the evangelical counsels dates back to the very early days of the Church when virgins were consecrated to God and the solitaries of the deserts devoted themselves to a life of penance, prayer, and labor. In the Third Century, St. Pachomius gave a rule to groups of these cenobites. This first rudiment of community life was further developed by St. Basil in the Fourth Century, whose rule spread to the East. Western monasticism was given definitive shape by St. Benedict in the Fifth Century. Not only did these Rules of living and working in community help the monks and nuns personally to attain Christian perfection, but they were a powerful factor in the propagation of Christian life and culture among the barbarian nations.

New circumstances brought forth new types of religious life. During the Crusades there were formed the Military Orders. The Twelfth Century saw the rise of the Mendicant Orders. In the difficult period of the Reformation, Institutes of Clerics Regular were founded, among them the Jesuits. Some of them took only simple vows, which was an innovation. Up to the Council of Trent, the law prescribed solemn vows for all religious. From the 16th Century on a number of congregations, both of men and women with simple vows arose. Many were fully approved and highly commended, yet canonically they were not considered religious institutes in the strict sense up to the time of the Codex, although Leo XIII had already prepared their recognition in 1900. Besides the religious institutes, there have been for centuries "associations" whose members live in community in the manner of religious but do not take juridically public vows. For 11 years, prior to the decree of February 11, 1936, when we became a congregation, our Society was of this nature. The latest development is the formation of institutes whose members bind themselves to follow the evangelical counsels, although not by public vows and not leading community life. These institutes had no proper status in canon law until now.

Up to the present, juridically public vows and community life were ecclesiastical requirements for the religious state as the complete canonical state of perfection. As this is Church law, the Church can sanction other states of perfection. This she did recently in the constitution "Provida Mater," granting canonical recognition to the state of life of certain institutes, termed "Secular Institutes" whose members bind themselves to strive after perfection through the observance of the evangelical counsels but without public vows and community life.

This way of following the evangelical counsels started in the first half of the last century when persons burning with zeal for perfection felt none the less called to remain in the world. They found kindred souls and formed associations adapted to the circumstances and needs of the times. In 1932 there was a congress of such new societies in Salzburg, Austria at which over 30 groups participated. None wore religious garb, just a simple uniform or modest dress. The interesting thing was the variety of their apostolic aims. The aged Archbishop of Salzburg shook his head when the writer was introduced to him as a doctor for the purdahed (veiled) ladies of India, but with a mind young like the Church, he thought it was wonderful. But while binding themselves to a life of perfection in these institutes, the members did away with all that would make them appear as religious, community life, religious garb, in order to move more freely in the world and exercise certain forms of apostolate and certain works of charity from which priests and religious are to a greater or lesser extent debarred in our modern times. Some of these Institutes were attached to religious communities, others stood by themselves. A number had been approved by Bishops, others even by the Holy See.

As they constantly multiplied and have given a fine account of themselves, filling modern needs and demands, the Church now grants them recognition as a special state in the Church. While doing so, She lays down the fundamental rule for these institutes to provide safeguards and guidance for their members besides approving of their own constitu-

tions adapted to their own characteristic needs and circumstances.

The following are a summary of its main provisions:

The members of the secular institutes may be clerics, laymen, or clerics and laymen, according to the nature of the institute. They profess the evangelical counsels, binding themselves by vow, oath or consecration to perfect chastity, obedience and poverty according to the provisions of their constitutions. They give themselves totally and permanently to their institute and dedicate themselves definitively to God and to the apostolate proper to their institute. On the other hand, the institute accepts entire responsibility for the members thus bound to it, undertakes to take care of them.

In the secular institutes there must be a hierarchy of superiors as is prescribed for religious or for societies.

The "Provida Mater" prescribes that the institute must have one or more common houses where the general or regional superiors reside, where the members can receive or perfect their formation, make their retreat, etc., and where the institute will house those of its members who on account of health or other reasons cannot take care of themselves.

The secular institutes are under the jurisdiction of the S. Congregation for Religious, except in so far as they are connected with the Missions and to that extent are subject to the S. Congregation of Propaganda. They are under the jurisdiction and authority of the local Ordinaries in the same way as non-exempt religious congregations and societies.

In conclusion, as the *Osservatore Romano* mentions, it should be remarked that the Apostolic Constitution "Provida Mater" is not meant to replace religious institutes nor does it suggest that religious institutes are less apt for apostolic work of today. No, the religious institutes are needed in the Church as ever, perhaps more than ever, but they will rejoice at the Secular Institutes as a new gem in her crown. —A. D.

Source: *The Clergy Monthly, May* 1947, *Vol. X, No.* 9 *Ranchi, India, p.* 281-288. *Authentic Latin text, same issue, p.* 289 - *p.* 297.

THE MEDICAL MISSION

By Archbishop Mar Ivanios, *Metropolitan of Trivandrum, India*

We read in the Holy Gospel that one day certain disciples of Saint John the Baptist came to our Savior and asked Him: "Art thou he who is to come, or shall we look for another?" Jesus might have answered the question directly and simply by saying, "Yes," but that was not ordinarily His way of doing things. This question was not asked in private, but in the presence of a crowd of people to whom our Lord was at the time speaking. Accordingly, as was His usual custom, our Savior seized the opportunity to teach a very important lesson to all who were present, and to us also, through the medium of the Written Gospel. In a word, He recalled to His hearers' minds a striking passage from the prophecy of Isaias, wherein the Prophet speaks of the Redeemer who is to come: "Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall be free."

The obvious implication of our Savior's words in recalling this particular prophecy of Isaias is that the time of which the Prophet speaks has come, because the things he describes are taking place. Christ is, therefore, the One "who is to come."

Why did our Savior point to just this prophecy and its fulfillment before the eyes of His hearers as the most appropriate answer to the question put by John's disciples? Certainly there was a wealth of prophetic oracles which he might have chosen. He might, for instance, have referred to the circumstances of His birth, or the facts of His ancestry—both so clearly foretold by the Prophets. Or He might have appealed to the beauty and the sublimity of His teaching as a clear indication of His mission. But He did none of these things. He simply said: "Go and report to John what you have heard and seen: the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise, the poor have the gospel preached to them."

Our Savior came into the world, sent by His Heavenly Father, to do battle with Satan and sin, to rescue men from the slavery to Satan into which they were sunk by reason of sin. Suffering, sickness, and death are the consequences, the children of sin. And so it was that Jesus throughout His public life manifested His divine power and His divine pity by healing the sick, comforting the sorrowing,

and relieving suffering of all kinds. And this He did, not in a spirit of mere humanitarianism — the humanitarianism which vitiates so much "relief work" in our days—but in a spirit of love, because He had compassion on the multitude and wished to deliver men from the tyranny of sin and its consequences. In short, the mission of Christ during His public life was in very large measure a medical mission. He is the Divine Physician, as even His enemies proclaimed when they shouted out to Him as He hung on the Cross: "He saved others, let Him save Himself."

If the imitation of Christ is the essence of the Christian life, then surely one cannot be a true Christian unless, like Christ, he has compassion for suffering, and does what he can to alleviate it. The Redeemer of the world has set the pattern for us to follow, and follow it we must if we are to be His true disciples. And so it is that in every period of her history the Church has in countless ways busied herself with the corporal works of mercy. The various religious orders, both of men and women, who care for the sick either in hospitals or elsewhere, who work untiringly for the relief of suffering of all sorts, are without a doubt among the most brilliant jewels in the Church's crown. It is very largely because of them and their work that we who are Catholics can, when our credentials are demanded, with confidence echo the words of our Savior and say: "Go and report what you have heard and seen: the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise, the poor have the gospel preached to them." The Church can justify her claim to the title of Christ's Bride because she, especially in the person of these devoted souls, continues to do Christ's work in the world. Like her Divine Spouse, she "goes about doing good."

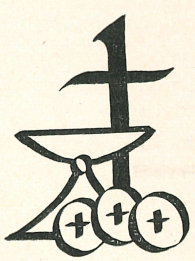
In this glorious tradition of Christ-like charity, the Medical Mission Sisters stand as a living proof that the spirit of Christ's compassion and charity is not dead in the Church. These consecrated women are in our own day bringing to the teeming millions of India, so cruelly oppressed by the sickness and suffering which are the consequences of sin, the comfort afforded by the resources of modern science—and all in the self-effacing spirit of the charity of Christ. Their only regret is that they are hampered by insufficient numbers and material means from doing more than they do. They ask for no recompense save enlarged opportunities to manifest the charity of Christ to even more of the millions of poor suffering humanity, secure in the assurance of their Divine Master, "As long as you did it for one of these, the least of my brethren, you did it for Me."

The good which is being accomplished and will be accomplished in India and elsewhere by the Medical Mission Sisters is beyond mere human calculation. Only when everything is made clear at the Last Judgement shall we know of all the hearts opened to the saving message of Christ's gospel by the self-effacing charity of these devoted spouses of Christ the Divine Physician. In the name of the Church and of the peoples of India, I, who have seen their work among the poor of that vast country, humbly thank them and pray that God will reserve His choicest blessings for them and their work.

Archbishop + Mar Ivanios

MASS IN THE ANTIOCHENE RITE

By Sister M. Pauline, S. C. M. M., R. N.



Mar Ivanios visited Mary Giri in October 1946. We had the privilege of assisting at his Mass. His Grace was accompanied by his secretary and sacristan.

After the preparatory prayers he vested for Holy Mass. In the heat of India, all the vestments must be a torture.

The chalice he prepared before starting the Mass, as the Dominicans do. His Grace spoke or chanted the Malayalam of the Mass in a beautiful full rich tone. Both the priest assisting him and the "altar boy" chanted many responses. The altar boy frequently rang a little musical bell, and incensed both the altar and the celebrant. Before each incensing he asked a blessing, which Mar Ivanios gave with a gold cross about six inches long with a red silk kerchief attached to it. There were many hand movements by the celebrant, imploring divine help, uplifting his hands to heaven and bringing them down in a sort of snake-like movement one often sees in Oriental dances. Before each principal part of the Mass, Mar Ivanios announced it in English for our benefit, such as: Offertory, Gospel, Nicene Creed, Worship of the Trinity, Veneration of the Blessed Virgin Mary and all the saints; Elevation—"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Myself."; Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. His Grace told me afterwards that in Rome a Cardinal advised him to do this to enable members of the Latin rite to follow the Mass intelligently.

Bindah And Family

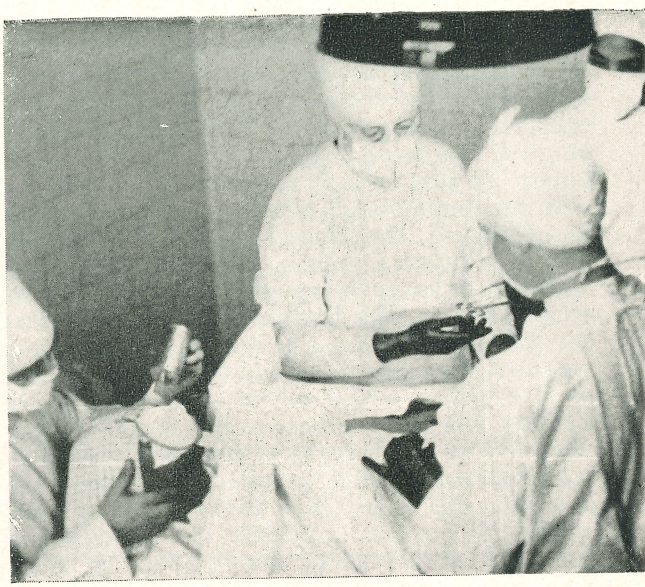
By Sister M. Elise, S. C. M.M., M. D.

Bindah was going home, back to her little mud-hut farm in a tiny hamlet of the Indian countryside. She had been a sick woman when she had arrived at Holy Family Hospital, Patna, some three weeks before. A large internal abscess, aggravated by the barbarous village remedies, had brought her to the very edge of the funeral pyre. An immediate operation and the life-saving sulfa drugs had pulled her back to health. Though still gaunt and weak, Bindah was determined to go home. We did our best to keep her in the hospital a little longer, but she wouldn't listen. A husband and six small boys were clamoring for her. It hurt her to see her little sons looking more ragged and un-cared for every day, eating from roadside stands, playing in the streets, getting into mischief in the hospital. Much against our will we had to let her go.

A few weeks later she was back again, almost unrecognizable. She was lying on a native stretcher, carried by two coolies. She screamed with pain as we lifted her out to put her into bed. A thready pulse, a dry, brown-coated tongue, rapid, shallow respiration, a subnormal temperature, all pointed to serious illness. Delerium and shock had turned the usually so capable and self-contained Bindah into a moaning bundle of misery. Her husband, standing in the office with his small sons milling around his legs, had to give the history. For several days she had complained of crampy pains. Since yesterday, she could not retain anything. Today she seemed "out of her head," so he had overruled her objections and brought her back to us.

Diagnosis was easy enough, but rapid cure was another story. With this complication of obstruction following so soon after an exhausting illness, Bindah was in poor shape, indeed. For twenty-four hours we worked to prepare her for operation, her only hope of survival. Continuous Wangensteen suction, intravenous fluids, glucose and sedation improved her general condition somewhat. The next morning we decided to go ahead and operate. Further delay would only lose the little we had gained.

Operations of this sort are like nightmares. Only one who has gone through such experiences can know the tension and nervous strain produced in the operating room. Everything is snarled up in contradictions, like the stuff dreams are made of. Anesthesia must be the lightest possible, to save the patient, yet deep enough to permit the surgeon to work. The whole procedure is a race against time, yet



Sister-surgeons at work

every inch of intestine must be examined carefully to make sure that its continuity has been re-established. Friable tissues tear under the instruments. Respiration falters, stops, starts again. The pulse races, drops, all but disappears, then rises again. Add to all this the Turkish-bath atmosphere of an Indian summer intensified by the strong operating room lights. It is hardly surprising that an operation like Bindah's nearly finishes us as well as the patient.

As quickly as possible the poor woman was returned to bed. One look at his wife was enough for Ram Lal. He scurried out of the ward, beating his forehead and moaning aloud. The youngsters, crying with fright and loneliness, formed the chorus. The other patients and the relatives shook their heads in gruesome sympathy. Bindah looked more dead than alive, her mouth half-open, her eyes turned up so that the whites showed, her sunken cheeks and claw hands a dull grey color. The awe-inspiring apparatus around the bed, the constant activities of a special nurse, the frequent visits of the Sisters, all served to confirm her husband's fears. With the usual fatalism of the country, he asked to take his wife home to die. Of course we wouldn't hear of that. Her only chance, slim as it was, lay in expert hospital care.

For several days Bindah hovered between life and death, neither opening her eyes nor

responding to queries. She would cry out a little under needle-pricks and dressings, then lapse into semi-coma. Her husband talked to her with tears in his voice, the children would cry her name or pat her hand, but Bindah was indifferent to all. It took all our patience and persuasive powers to keep up their courage. Every day she lived was a step nearer hope, but they could see no change. Their eyes clung to us whenever we came near to do something for the patient, wholly without comprehension. Yet they sensed our sympathy and were grateful for our efforts. Like little brown spaniels, they remained on the threshold, starting up at every approaching footstep, looking into our faces whenever we came out of the door, dreading yet expecting to hear the worst at any moment.

By the third day the fever came down, her pulse improved, distension lessened, and peristalsis reappeared. These were hopeful signs, although Bindah did not look much better to the ordinary person. On the fifth day we removed the tube and the Wangensteen apparatus. She was able to take some water by mouth. That was the first day Bindah opened her eyes and recognized her husband and sons standing around her bed! This one glance put new life into Ram Lal. He collected the grimy youngsters, gave them all a bath under the hospital tap, washed and dried their dhoties in the sun. Then he took them all out to a roadside stand for their first hot meal since Bindah became sick again. Later in the afternoon they all came trooping back into the ward, convinced that they had celebrated their mother's recovery. Bindah put out a thin hand to caress them, and they all ran out again, whooping and dancing with glee, cavorting around on the hospital lawn until the other patients came to treat them with sweets and toys. The whole hospital joined in the celebration. Only Ram Lal remained where he was, sitting beside his wife's bed, fanning her silently. He looked like a man reprieved from a death sentence at the last minute.

It was a long hard pull, but Bindah made it. The wound healed, the sutures held, and life came back slowly. Her diet was a problem. Bindah was a strict Hindu, hence could eat no animal food whatever. It isn't easy to construct a light, high caloric diet rich in proteins needed for body repair, when eggs, fish and meat are all taboo.

Word came that the farm house had been broken into and robbed, the goats were neglected by the neighbors, the land was not tilled, but the family stayed. The little boys roamed the hospital and the streets, ragged and dirty and more undisciplined every day, but Bindah just smiled. When money ran out, Ram Lal found some work in the city. Both husband and wife had learned their lesson. There was no complaining or pleading to be allowed to go home this time. The whole family stayed until we finally discharged the patient. It's hard to tell who was the happier that day, we or they.

Ram Lal giving his youngest son a bath

They still come back to see us, once or twice a year. Bindah looks plump and prosperous now. The children are spotless, in white shirts and dhoties, with perfect manners under their mother's eagle eye. She brings us home-made sweets and curries, which are offered first to the statue of Our Lady in the compound, and then handed over for our table. Bindah may be a pagan, but she knows where thanks are due, with the unerring instinct of the clean of heart. It is not likely that Bindah & Family will ever forget Holy Family Hospital.

PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR

Heavenly Father, unseen Champion of our life, give us Faith and eager expectancy as we begin this fresh stage of our journey. Take from us all fear of the unknown and teach us to wrest treasures from the darkness.

As the days come and go, may we find that each one is laden with happy opportunities and enriching experiences; and when this year is ended may our best hopes be more than ever fulfilled.

REVEREND MOTHER STUART

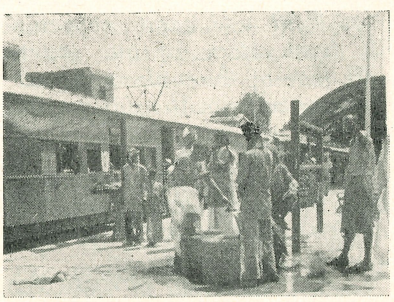
(reprinted with the kind permission of the Religious of the Sacred Heart.)

A Thrilling Journey

(*Sister M. Stephen traveled from Dacca to Rawalpindi in the midst of the disturbances. Her day by day account of her trip is presented below.*)

The trip from Dacca to Moradabad was comparatively dull, if a train trip in India can ever be called that. At least, there was no more confusion and excitement than is usual. But after we left Moradabad Friday night, then things began to happen.

Saturday: I woke up with a start. It was dark, and the train was stopped outside a small station. I felt that something was wrong. I opened one of my windows. Making out a Sikh passenger, I asked, "Where is everybody?" "Most of the passengers have gotten off," he replied. I looked down the train, and sure enough, most of the cars were dark. I asked my friend, "Is this train going on?" "Yes," he assured me. From this station on we went very slowly and stopped at every little village for at least 10 minutes. We went for the average of 7 miles between stops. When it was lighter, I noticed that at each station some of the Sikhs would get out and talk with the people on the platform, and then get back on again. They were armed with swords. About eight, when starting up again from a stop, as my car approached a little white gate, out from nowhere appeared about ten men with long spears coming toward the train. I was terrified. I jumped up to pull up the shutter, and as I was doing this I noticed something strange near the tracks. I stared again and saw that there were dead bodies lying there. Then these thoughts ran through my mind — What will happen next?—Were the Muslims warned to get off the train at Moradabad?—What protection did I have? The only question I could answer was the last. I knew that the only defense was my rosary, and it would give me more protection than all the swords in those other compartments.



A train station in India

At Ludhiana, a kindly Sikh advised me to change trains. He got a coolie to help me with my bags. Just as I was getting settled in a compartment with a family, one of the group advised me to change to the Mail to Amritsar. I recalled the coolie and made the change again, since it was most uncertain if any train would get through at all. No one seemed to know anything official, so all I could do was follow the crowd, and hope for the best. There was only a first class compartment vacant on the Mail. I took it, since I knew that my ticket would not be checked again. Though the train was crowded, and more people got on at each station, no one came in with me. At each stop, the conductor would wire ahead about conditions.

I believe it was at Jullunder where we stopped. Hearing a commotion on the platform, I looked out the window. A young man was being pushed past my car by the Sikhs. Just as they got opposite my window, they took out their swords and let out a war cry. I didn't look any more. I could hear the clashing of swords beneath my windows on both sides. Between my train and the train on the next track, there was fighting. No moaning or groaning, just the clashing of swords. Soon the military put an end to it all with their machine guns. From then on the military patrolled the train.

We arrived at Amritsar at 1:30 P. M. I tried to get a coolie, but there was none in sight. Finally a man, a Christian (he wore a cross visibly) introduced himself as "Mr. Anthony," and helped me. We put the bags on a rickshaw, I got in on top of them, and off I went. I arrived at the convent at 5 P. M.

Sunday—This part of the town, which is supposed to be the best section had been damaged considerably. The Sisters had seen more fighting from their roof than I had on the train.

Monday—The priest went down to the station to see if a train was really going to leave at 9:00 A. M. as scheduled. The answer was "No. Maybe tomorrow."

Tuesday—Since the train situation was the same, Father took us to the military camp to see if they would take me to Lahore. The rickshaw driver was scared to death to travel outside the city. If Father hadn't been there to encourage him, he would never had finished the trip. At the camp, there was a promise of a lorry going to Lahore in the evening. As could be expected, it was late. Since I had to wait, an officer invited me into the room to sit under the fan. While I was sitting there, I heard many a sad report. There was not

enough of either trucks, men or petrol (gasoline) to bring in the wounded. About 8:00 P.M., the officer in charge had a bright idea. "Wouldn't you like to fly to 'Pindi with Lady Mountbatten?" I calmly replied that I was most interested in getting to 'Pindi safely and quickly. He then proceeded to find out if it were at all possible. Before anything definite was heard about the plane, the lorry for Lahore came in. The major arranged to send a message to the convent in Lahore by 7 A.M. the next morning if his plan materialized. I got on the lorry. We made good time to Lahore since there was almost no traffic. We were, however, stopped five times by barricades, the first marking the entrance into Pakistan. At the last stop, the man was most particular, asking many questions, and writing down all information. He finally asked if all in the lorry were military—no civilians. The answer was, "All military." The inquirer came over to my side of the truck, looked up and said, "What's this in the front seat?" The driver nervously replied, "Ask the captatin in the back." The captain briefly assured the man that it was "All right," and we were permitted to proceed. At the barracks, I was transferred to a jeep and driven out to the convent some 10 miles away. It was just like going through a dead city. No one out on the streets, all the houses shuttered up. The military curfew only began at 11 P.M., but the people were so fearful that they kept a voluntary curfew from 7 P.M. on. By the time we reached the convent it was 9:30. Since the chowkidar (watchman) was nowhere in sight, we shouted until the Sisters awoke and let me in.

Wednesday—7 A. M. No word had come about the plane. I could have rested, but the suspense was too great. I came down and talked with the Sisters. At dinner, three well-armed Sikhs came into the compound. The Sister said, "They have come after you." The officer had sent them with the message, "The plane leaves at 11:45." It was then 12 noon. A lorry was there to take me to the airport. Nothing could be lost by going. In the cab of the truck were the driver and the captain; in the back were two soldiers with machine guns directed outward, and two with guns pointing forwards. I really felt like a prisoner. At the airport, the sentry told us the plane had left. But when we returned to headquarters, the major told us to go back to the airport. We arrived there the second time, to find the plane on the landing field. Without any further questions the men stowed my luggage on the plane. Then I had to wait an hour for Lady Mountbatten to come. Finally the plane took off. When we arrived at 'Pindi, an army car took me to Holy Family Hospital. I found the Sisters in chapel, and took advantage of the occasion to say a big THANK YOU, and to ask God's blessing for all those who had helped me to complete my journey in safety.

Sidelight On The Patna Bazaar

By Sister M. Louise, S. C. M. M., R. N.

The American Army left more than a few cans of bacon as souvenirs in India—that is the thought of one who observes the many Jeeps sandwiched between Indian traffic. But it still remains *Indian* traffic. An American would find it hard to understand that here a back-seat driver is appreciated. We use the system of driving on the left side of the road. Since a Jeep does not have a right hand wheel, another pair of eyes in the right front seat is necessary to observe the oncoming traffic.

Here we are, at the Patna bazaar. Directly in front of us is the bullock cart — the chief means of local transportation and hauling. Maybe we can dodge ahead of it and pass that line of rich-shaws (bicycle-drawn) at the same time. These travel at the dazzling speed of 10 M. P. H., just twice the speed of the bullock cart. To fully appreciate the plight of this dodging game it would be well to have in mind the width of the bazaar road. As a comparison, the nearest thing would be a narrow One Way Street of America—with the addition of shops on both sides forming the confining barrier (no sidewalks). Of course, add a few jutting telephone poles to help make a tight squeeze. This is where we can use that extra pair of eyes. And the bicycles! Of all the vehicles they manifest the poorest judgment in gauging space, with an utter disregard of courtesy. You *never* know at what moment they will swerve directly into your path. Please excuse the continuous blast of the horn. One has to take command of the road, otherwise put up with the continual blockade of pedestrians and roaming cows. The latter ignores all signals of warning. When it wishes to cross the road, it does just that, and everything else has to move aside. Perhaps the cow realizes its exalted position in this country. Add an occasional herd of goats and buffalo, a wedding procession, several dogs, chickens and ducks, and you have a mild idea of what it means to be part of India's *ordinary* traffic.

IN THE PATH OF WAR

By Sister M. Laetitia, S. C. M. M., R. N.

All packed up and no place to go

"My boat going tomorrow?" I asked beamingly, surrounded by bags, and bundles.

"Salaam, Sister Sahib," replied the Indian babu casually, "It went yesterday."

"Yesterday," I exclaimed in horror. "What am I to do? There is no other boat, and I must get to the United States within eight weeks."

"Fly to Batavia and catch the boat there," was the babu's advice.

So bags, baggage and one Medical Mission Sister returned to Mandar for another two weeks.

Two weeks went by quickly enough, and I went once again to Calcutta, this time to catch a plane for Java. The first interesting sight was the Irrawaddy along which the plane flew towards poor destroyed Rangoon. The first actual stop was at Bangkok, the capitol of Thailand. Then came Singapore with its beautiful harbor, where the passengers spent the afternoon and night. The war destruction, though evident, was not nearly so great as one would expect. Here and there were gaps where houses had obviously stood, but now were no more. Still, it reminded one of that terrible night when the message came over the radio, "Singapore has fallen!" To the missionaries it seemed as though the bottom had dropped out of the world, for Singapore was very near to India.

Indonesia

After Singapore, the next stop was Java. Here I had to wait almost two weeks for the boat that I was supposed to have taken in Calcutta. The time was not entirely wasted, since there was plenty of work available in a little understaffed hospital in Batavia.

At last the ship was more or less loaded down with copra and started on its way again. Two and a half days later it docked in Makasar. Our Sisters from Holland had just arrived to open a hospital in this beautiful place. They were glad of a little help in their new undertaking.

Makassar is one of the beauty spots of the world. Right in front of the harbor are two or three coral islands, the white sand gleaming in the sunshine, in sharp contrast with the green of the cocoanut trees. The blue sea lazily lapping at the edge of this port makes one easily forget that some of the bloodiest battles of the war were fought here. There are innumerable sailboats, carrying snow white sails, and many small boats with their rowers riding high above the sea, looking like enormous spiders creeping slowly over the water.

Makassar goes in for bright pink or red sunsets every evening. It looks like some of the pictures one sees and exclaims. "What exaggeration! There are no such colors in any sunset." Yet there they are: on view in Makassar every evening between six and seven, free of charge. In addition there is practically always a breeze that makes an otherwise almost unbearable climate very pleasant.

Most of the missionary Sisters in Batavia were suffering from beri-beri after having been three and a half years in the hands of the Japs. They were not very badly treated—but they had very little food and had to work hard, even out in the fields. The Japs had great respect for the Sisters and gave them the title of "Trappists."

Yet not everything the Japs did was bad. One camp Commander was a very cruel man, but the example of the Sisters made him begin to think. At the end of the war he was executed for his cruelty, but before he died he asked to die in the religion of "the Trappists." In one place in Java, the Sisters were building a new school and convent. Construction had just begun when they were hustled off to the concentration camp. Bricks, iron and wood were left lying on the compound, and the blueprints were taken from them. What was their surprise when they were released from the prison camp to find their school and convent finished, and even the chapel nicely built. Sisters and chapels were almost immune from harm in Indonesia. Usually anything precious or of value placed in the chapel before the Sisters were taken away was found intact on their return.

The ship at last began to evince signs of departing. The moist heat made the presence of the copra very evident, though the kindness of the captain and the crew made up for any of the deficiencies of the little steamer.

The most destroyed city of the war

Four days later it passed by Bataan, and the rock of Corregidor where both Filipinos and Americans had fought with such unheard of bravery, where doctors and nurses had worked unflinchingly over operating tables

with bombs dropping around them. As one entered the harbor a pang went through one's heart at the sight of the wrecked war ships strewn across the water. The sight of the city was even worse—huge buildings in a terrible state of destruction, enormous iron girders twisted and knotted like ribbons. Roofs were gone, walls missing, buildings standing drunkenly with doors wholly or partially destroyed, seemingly defying all laws of gravity.

One's chief feeling in these islands was one of great admiration, with a lump in one's throat for the cheerful way in which Filipinos and missionaries were going about their work as though they had never heard of war.

The Quonset hut is the feature of the day. The Ateneo, the famous Jesuit college, whose beautiful buildings are now only a memory, is going full steam ahead. They have a greater enrollment than ever before the war. Building was going on, hammering, sawing, grinding, banging, while in the next room, classes continued as though the quiet of the g r a v e reigned.

It is their striking Catholic spirit that is carrying the Filipinos through their present hardships. In some ways the war has helped the spirit of the country. Certainly, it is said, the people are working as never before and are co-operating with each other to a remarkable degree. Even the women and girls have come out of their shell and are doing not a little to get the country back on its feet again. One felt like cheering, "Hail Filipinos!"

Courtesy of Jesuit Missions

The Ateneo de Manila after the war

Doctor McLaren Does It Again

Though she was not able to do medical work in India, the gallant Scottish woman doctor did succeed in inspiring others to take up this needed work. The following letter shows that, though long in her grave, her spirit lives on.

Lawa-an ANTIQUE
Panay Philippines

I am now in charge of a population of around 25,000 people. For all this number there is not a single doctor or nurse. There are no medicines either—except on the black market in the city which is beyond my people both financially and geographically. I began getting medicines from here and there to set up a little dispensary. But the real difficulty was a good nurse. All the girls whom I wanted to enter training at St. Paul's Hospital in ILO-ILO objected that they were too old! (just beyond thirty!) Then your book came along—"According to the Pattern." When these girls read about Agnes McLaren and the many things she did when she was *twice* thirty, they became quite enthusiastic. Soon I will have a nurse for the dispensary.

Letter written Sept. 2, 1947 by Father Eugene Dalberto to Katherine Burton

THE MISSION INTENTION FOR JANUARY
"That the Church be Better Known in Japan"

By Rev. Joseph J. Spae, I. H. M., Ph. D.

Of the twelve intentions for the coming year, the Holy Father has made five of them a prayer for Japan. The January intention asks for more knowledge of the good pagan about the Church. For love is born of knowledge, say the philosophers. It is good to know that at this hour millions of good pagans in Japan repeat the words, "Come, Lord Jesus!" It took persecution and an atomic bomb to bring Japan to the feet of Christ.

The first chapter in the history of the Faith in Japan opened in 1550. A foreigner arrived from the Western world to preach a new religion. The abbot of the Buddhist Temple of the True Doctrine in Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan, invited him to address an assembly of the bonzes (Buddhist monks). As the last devout worshippers withdrew from the perfume laden shadows of the statues of Buddha, the throng of bonzes filled the empty space beneath the steps of the main hall. A black-robed man with an aquiline nose mounted the steps.

"I have come," he said, "from the great father of the West to tell you about Him Whom we call Dios. It is Dios Who created heaven and earth. All creatures should love and obey Dios, for Dios . . "

As the first words fell from his finely chiselled lips, faint snickering was heard from the fartherest corner of the courtyard where the abbot sat enthroned. It rippled pleasantly through the ranks of the white-robed bonzes—"Dios, aye, Dios."

The startled foreigner motioned to his interpreter. "Father." said the embarrassed Japanese, in the best Portuguese he could muster, "forgive them. In our language, the word 'Dios' as you pronounce it, sounds like 'dai-uso,' which in our language means 'big lie.' "

This was the first contact of official and religious Japan with the message of Christ. This was St. Francis Xavier's first sermon in Kyoto. Xavier did little more than pass through Japan between 1549 and 1552. As a result of his efforts and those of the priests who took up the work after him, by 1600, there were 300,000 baptized Japanese.

Three hundred and ninety years after the memorable sermon of St. Francis, in the same Temple of the True Doctrine, there was no less excitement. A Catholic bishop had arrived from the United States of America. He was invited to address more than twenty Buddhist abbots, and through them, the millions of their religious followers. Buddhism wanted to learn from Christianity: Japan had come to school to the fountainhead of truth that is Rome. The abbots expressed their willingness to cooperate with the Catholic Church in the struggle against evil in the world. Their guest, Bishop O'Hara of Buffalo, N. Y., brought them a message of peace from the Holy Father. The prelate lauded "their sincere desire to aid the Catholic Church in her fight to uphold the true values of life." As the main points of a common objective, he cited respect for the family, and the maintenance of public morality against the materialism of our times.

Between these two events, the darkness of 1550 and the radiance of 1946—lay a long twilight of sorrow. Soon after St. Francis' days, persecutions claimed countless martyrs. The Church went underground for more than 250 years without a single priest. The faith was kept only by a small group of fishermen around Nagasaki. The "good pagan," indoctrinated by official antagonism against the Church, mistrusted the missionaries. Stupid and dangerous people, indeed, so he thought. His textbooks told him that their motto "IHS" stood for "In hoc signo (vinces)." The official commentary was careful to explain that this Latin phrase meant, "In this sign of the cross shalt thou conquer Japan." But for this fateful ignorance, the "good pagan" would have known long ago that IHS was the cry of the soul to "Jesus, the Savior of men."

The cataclysm of World War II showed the good pagan another picture. Catholic Japanese were second to none in loyalty. The Pope asked for justice to the conquered people. And then came the American boys. They showed him that an enemy could also be a friend. He found no killing, no rapine, no humiliating of his pride, but kindness to his children, and respect for his dignity as a human being. Slowly it dawned on him that there must be an explanation. No man before MacArthur had ever conquered him to serve him. Dimly he understood: Christianity meant love.

Today the twilight is lifting from over Japan. Threatened by communism, the Japanese know one remedy—Christianity. They want to know about Christ. But how can they know, if there be no one to preach to them? Let us help with our prayers those missionaries whose duty it is to "make the Church better known in Japan."

Poverty anywhere is dangerous to prosperity everywhere. Pandit Nehru

The Spread of Christianity in India

By the Reverend Father E. De Meulder, S. J.

In the year of Our Lord 1948, there are in India four and a half million Catholics, and about four million Protestants all taken together. Of the 5,000 Roman Catholic priest, 3,480 are Indian. Of the 9,000 Catholic Sisters, 6,000 are Indian. Of the 60 bishops, 20 are Indian.

Many reasons may be assigned for the relatively slow numerical progress of the Church in India. Among these may be mentioned: The lack of missionaries, especially women missionaries (nuns) in a land of 400 million people (a little less than half being women). Christ might have done the work of conversions all by Himself. Strictly speaking, He needs none of us. Yet He has built up the work of Redemption in such a way that we are interdependent, and thus Christ needs our cooperation. The wedge of Mohammedanism driven like a sword between East and and West prevented the normal expansion of Catholicism towards the East. But for that wedge, India might be the Catholic jewel of Asia.

On the other hand the vitality of God's grace cannot be measured in terms of numbers only. For centuries Christ has been working in India in the souls of Indians. The light of His grace "enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." Even the non-Catholics are deeply aware of this. Kesub Chunder Sem, the great Bengali renaissance man, though a non-Catholic, acknowledges that Christ "is a mighty reality in Indian history."

On the 15th of August 1947, under the leadership of M. Gandhi and Jawarharlal Nehru, India achieved her freedom. The Catholic Church throughout India joined in the rejoicing, hoisted the Indian National flag over her churches and schools, and intoned the "Te Deum." But history tells us that political freedom alone is no guarantee to progress and happiness. It is for the Catholic Church now to work hard in order to take root in and to crown that political freedom "wherewith Christ has made us free."

What then is the aim of the Catholic missions in India?

The aims of the Catholic missions in India is to plant the Church, to make the Church visible in a world where she is not, especially by establishing a native priesthood and native sisterhoods. In a word, it is to put the visible Church everywhere at the moral disposal of all men of good will. The Catholic missions cannot immediately convert everyone, but in most cases they can start building up.

In every age Divine Providence offers its new special ways of approach to the missionaries. At one time it was the catacomb, at another the school, the university, the guild and the press. Tomorrow it will be the radio and the cinema that will be called to the service of the cross.

At all times however, the loving and sympathetic care of the sick has been one of the greatest channels of God's grace into the souls of men. But in India now more than before, it is called upon to play a capital role in mission work. In fact it looks as if the earliest missionary method of Christ Himself, namely, curing the sick will have to be followed until the end of time.

In the field of education, Hindus and Muslims are fast competing with us. Not so in nursing. Real nursing is a product of a Christian civilization and requires, the unselfishness that only the love of Christ is powerful enough to inspire, if need be, even to death.

Therefore I say: Wanted: A batallion of Medical Missionaries. Who will join the ranks? Here is scope for typical American adventure and holy courage. Will your listen to the longing of India for Christ and come to help?

THE POSITION OF THE CHURCH IN INDIA

The latest official statistics show that the number of Catholic Indians has increased 32.7% from 1931 to 1941, while the increase of population during the same period was not more than 15.2%, an encouraging proof of the progress of the Church. But, since the Church does not depend on the purely human phenomenon, the number is not the true measure of her strength. "But more than numbers we note the general onward trend and vitality of the Church," recently wrote Mgr. Kierkels (*The Bombay Examiner*, December 22, 1945).

Of this vitality it is not diffucult to give some examples. Reverend Father Gaspar A. Pinto has found a missionary society for Indian priests at Benares. In 1944, the Jesuits began in Calcutta an Oriental Institute, designed to establish intellectual contact between the church and the cultured classes of Hindus and Musselmen.

Thus we see that the Church in India is very much alive. Let us pray during the month of February that her numbers and influence will increase daily in this vast subcontinent.

(adapted from "Le Bulletin des Missions"
Vol. 20, No. 1, p. 56)

AT HOME AND ABROAD

Washington, D. C.

On November 14 we had the honor of a visit from Archbishop Paul Yu-Pin, of Nanking, China, and Reverend Father Francis Clougherty, O. S. B., former Chancellor of the Catholic University of Peiping. Miss Teresa Lo, the daughter of the famous Catholic layman, Lo-Pa-Hong was also with us, and Miss Catherine Lahr, an old friend. All stayed quite a while talking about the medical needs of China. His Excellency mentioned that he had a little selfish reason for coming, namely, to invite us to work in China. Archbishop Yu-Pin presented us with a copy of his recent book, "Eyes East."

Philadelphia

The Departure Ceremony was held at the Motherhouse on Monday, November 24, for Sister M. Elizabeth, Sister M. Elise, and Sister M. Regina. The Reverend Father Vincent Mc Cauley, C. S. C., superior of the "Bengalese," the Holy Cross Foreign Mission Seminary in Washington, D. C., and a former missionary to India, gave the sermon. Father McCauley is also the cousin of Sister M. Regina. The Reverend Father Charles Mahoney, C. S. C., Chaplain of the Motherhouse, presided at Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament following the sermon.

Sister M. Elizabeth is a native of Boston, Massachusetts. She has been superior of the houses of the Society in Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, and England. Sister returned from England this summer to attend the General Chapter. She has been assigned to Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, Pakistan.

Sister M. Elise Wynen, M. D., of Baarn, Holland, is returning to her post at Holy Family Hospital, Patna. She has previously spent six years in India, coming to the Motherhouse this summer for the General Chapter. Sister M. Elise received her degree of Doctor of Medicine from Women's Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1938.

Sister M. Regina, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, is a graduate of Providence Hospital School of Nursing, Washington, D. C. She has served almost two years at Catholic Colored Clinic, Atlanta, Georgia. Sister M. Regina will go to Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, Pakistan.

Sister M. Elizabeth and Sister M. Regina, after the usual amount of delay and last minute postponements, sailed aboard the "Flying Enterprise" on December 6. Sister M. Elise sailed on the "Marine Marlin," December 11, for Holland. After visiting her home, she will proceed to Holy Family Hospital, Patna.

Sister M. Regina (left) and Sister M. Elizabeth packing medical literature for the missions before their departure.

On December 3rd, the Feast of Saint Francis Xavier, we again had the privilege of having a talk from the Reverend Father De Meulder, S. J. Father's topic, naturally, was the zeal of the great missionary to India whose feast we were celebrating.

December 8th, the feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady, brought another missionary to visit us, the Rev. Joseph P. McGinn, M. M., from the Catholic Mission, Kochow, Kwangtung, China.

* * *

Aboard the "Flying Independent"
Yedda, Arabia
November 25

The first three days of our trip were rough. We just avoided storms all the way across the Atlantic. Our first stop was at Gibraltar for cholera injections. Since the cholera epidemic is still raging in Alexandria, we had to receive innoculations six days before entering that port. We got to Gibraltar after dark—the rock was really beautiful, just a mass of twinkling lights merging with the stars.

We reached Yedda on Friday, November 21, early in the morning. We were quarantined for three days, doing nothing but sweltering in the heat for that time. Now that the little yellow flag has been taken down, the ship is permitted to unload her cargo. Unfortunately, there are only little sailboats for the job. That means we will be here for the rest of the week.

Last night we had our first experience of a hurricane at sea. The wind reached 90 miles

an hour. We spun around like a top, since our engines were off, leaving us to the mercy of the wind. It lasted but a few minutes. Had it lasted longer we would have landed on one of the endless reefs that make these waters the most dangerous in the world. I shall never forget the sound of that wind. Tonight the engines are running, as another such wind is expected. It was really something to see—only we all knew the danger we were in. It made us conscious of the fact that we are truly in the hands of God.

If all goes well, we hope to reach Bombay by December 5. We will probably have a chance to go to Mass on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, our first in many days.

Sister M. Xavier

Rawalpindi

Holy Family Hospital
Rawalpindi, Pakistan

The hospital is going up, but slowly. It has never gone full speed since March. It takes more and more permits to get things, like petrol (gasoline). Five of the trucks—all the contractor had — were burned. This paralyzed work, since it took some time to even get the permit to buy new ones. Here you are supposed to call for your own supplies, like cement (pronounced cee' ment). So, no trucks, no cement; no cement, no building. Finally permits came for the trucks, but no permits for gasoline. Sister Alma Julia managed to get these permits by going to Lahore to the president of the Punjab. Oh, and they finally gave us permission to build the hospital. We started in 1945 to build, having filed application for permission much earlier. All the big men knew that it was being built. The commissioner even came for the laying of the cornerstone. Now that the second story is going up, we have permission to start! Imagine the red tape!

Sister Alma Julia has more adventures while looking after the building of the hospital. Once the chowkidar (night watchman) told her a man had stolen six bags of cement, but he couldn't stop him since he was unarmed. But he did follow the thief, and knew the house where the cement was hidden. So Sister, the chowkidar and the contractor started out. On the way they met a busload of police, who were cordially invited to come along. When this party reached the house, they found that just the women were home. That meant that only Sister could go inside to search the house. She found the six bags without much trouble. The police stood guard all day until the men of the house came home. Nothing more would have come of it, but the commissioner insisted that it be brought to court. I was Sister's companion when she had to appear.

The courts are a group of mud buildings with whitewashed floors. The court room was small, yet divided in half by a wooden railing. The Magistrate, with his English and Urdu secretaries sat on one side of the railing on a wooden platform. All desks on the dais and the one next to me were filled with stacks of records. There is evidently no filing system in use.

The man who represented the Law was dressed in khaki suit which had two holes in the trousers. He spent the whole time trying in vain to make his waist coat cover the holes. I kept a sober face with great difficulty.

The prisoner was brought in with a huge chain and padlock on his wrists. A strong, silent policeman led him about in a solemn manner. Sister had to swear on her crucifix, since there was no Bible present. The other witnesses took an oath on the Koran. The lawyer for defense came in late and consequently asked many silly questions. This is a sample of one: "Do you think this man could possibly be capable of doing such a thing as stealing?" Even the Magistrate protested at that. We left as soon as we could, but the trial lasted hours longer. Since some of the witnesses were "absent," it was postponed—and that is probably all that will be done about the matter.

Sister M. Renée

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Bergan
Rochester, N. Y.

Rev. F. X. Cotter
Cincinnati, Ohio

Sister Mary of St. John Baptist
Religious of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sister M. Eligius, C.S.C.
Holy Cross, Indiana

Miss Irma A. Seelaus
Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Anna Snee
Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Caroline Gibson
Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Mary Burns
Washington, D. C.
(Mother of Mrs. Joseph Toomey)

Mr. Owen Kearns
Fall River, Massachusetts

Mr. Robert Cadle
St. Louis, Mo.

A Call To Charity From Our Sisters In India

The Four Horsemen Of The Apocalypse Are Riding Through Pindi

War "There is much fighting in Kashmir. The Indian Army now has Baramula, and are pushing the Muslims back this way. The last of the Hindus and Sikhs are leaving Rawalpindi today. I saw them going by to the station with Gurkha guards. I held my breath for fear that they would meet a crowd of Afridis and there would be a battle. Just a couple of blocks from where they turned, I did meet a mob of Afridis and Wazirs."

Sister Alma Julia, Rawalpindi

Strife "India is surely in a turmoil. People who were attacked while evacuating from Pakistan are beginning to come here (Mandar) for treatment. In a train carrying 5,000, only 450 survived . . . There are still about one million Muslims to go into Pakistan from East Punjab, and about an equal number of non-Muslims to come out."

Sister M. Barbara, Mandar

Famine "The condition in which the refugees arrive is pitiable. Days and days of travel in crowded lorries, no food, no comforts of any kind. In the camp near Lahore, some parents, we were told, rather see their children killed than have them die of starvation. Famine is spreading."

Sister M. Dolores, Rawalpindi

Pestilence "Refugees are still pouring in from India, and now, from Poonch and Kashmir also. Last Monday about 5,000 came to the place across the road from Holy Family Hospital. Never did you see such poverty, destitution, disease, filth and vermin. Cholera, dysenteries, small-pox, malaria, chicken-pox, measles, pneumonia—all are in season. Many cases are admitted into the hospital. The Sisters and nurses have also been going over to the camp to do all in their power to help these people."

Sister M. Alma, Rawalpindi

If We Could Only Help These People More!

MOTHER ANNA DENGEL, M. D.
Medical Mission Sisters
8400 Pine Road
Fox Chase, Phila. 11, Pa.

Dear Mother Dengel:
Enclosed find my offering $..... to help the sick and starving people of India.

Sincerely,

.....

is the refrain of every letter. We feel in conscience bound to make known the plight of these thousands who are in urgent need of Samaritans. Medicines and food are a matter of life and death for them. Your alms will help us to provide these people with these necessities.